

DELL
COMIC

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

APRIL 10¢

the Lone Ranger



I'm takin' it easy this Easter!

The Bunny will put a real welcome this year to-
morrow, along with these beautiful Easter eggs will
come plenty of Easter treating in today, too! Milky
Way wraps up.

No matter how or when you eat it Milky Way
is still high adventure in enjoyment... a little
way blend of smooth, pure milk chocolate, creamy
caramel and rich, melted white nougat. No matter
what the season, your taste always strikes it true
when you treat it to.



M-m-milky Way...
your money can't buy more
*m-m-m-m!

The **LONE
RANGER**

The Smiling Caballero

AT A BORDER SMACK, AS THE CHINESE TALLER HE HEARD FOR MARKET, A SWING MEXICAN CABALLERO DROVE TO HIM.

BUSINESS DIAS, SENIOR
WHAT A FINE HERO I
HAVE! LILIAN LOPEZ IS
ONE WHO ADMIRES
HANDSOME CATS!

THANKS/I RECKON
THESE CATTEROLL
FETCH ME A GOOD
PRICE AT A NORTH-
EAST MARKET.

AM, SENOR, IT
DISPLEASES ME
MUCHO, BUT THE
HERO, IT WILL
NEVER BE TAKEN
TO MARKET BY
YOU!

WHAT IN THUNDER
DO YOU SAY?

I MEAN, JIMMY I
WILL TAKE THE
CATTLE THERE
LATER ON.

ORGE WHY YOU
SWEET-SWLIN'
POLECAT, I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT HAPPENS
TO RUSTLERS 'ROUND
HERE!

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE DRAWN YOUR
GUN ON JUAN LOPEZ. HE WAS TRYING
TO MAKE THE "TRANSFER" OF THE
HORN PLEASANT AS POSSIBLE.

WHAT IN BLAZING F
LOOK! THAT HONORABLE
SHOT THE BOSS!

LETTER
GET
WILL

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MEMBERS OF ADDRESS should reach us, long weeks in advance of the next meeting date. Give both your old and new address numbers if possible (new old address below)

WHY THAT
COLD-BLOODED,
MURDERIN'...

...SHOTS!

WHY!

OW! HOOTS!

BLAST THE LEAD-BUNGERS
FROM THE SADDLES!

HA-HA! I'M
HOT!

BANG!
BANG!

BLAM!

DROO YOUR GUN
AWAY RIGHTO, SEÑOR!
MY MEN HAVE YOU
COVERED!

W-WHAT AS WELL.
DO AS HE SAYS.
WE'RE OUTNUMBERED.

SOON...

ADIOS, SEÑORS! DO NOT
MORRY IF IT TAKES YOU
THE REST OF THE DAY TO
FREE YOURSELVES, AFTER
ALL... YOU HAVE NO CATTLE
TO LOOK AFTER
ANYWAY!







TWO DAYS LATER, AS A PROSPECTOR, AND RECENTLY STRUCK GOLD, SITS IN A FRODO CAFE...

SENOR, DO YOU WANT ME TO JOIN YOU AT THIS TABLE? JUAN LOPEZ, HE IS NOT ONE WHO LIKES TO BE ALONE!

BUT RIGHT DOWN, STRANGERS! GLAD TO HAVE YOU!



GRACIAS, SENOR! YOU ARE MOST KIND! WHEN I CAME IN, I SAID TO MYSELF, THERE IS A FRIENDLY SENOR! PERHAPS HE WILL LET ME SHARE HIS TABLE!

JUAN, IT'S SURE CLEAR YOU'RE AN EASY-GOING FELLOW! AN THAT SMILE OF YOURS MAKES AN HONORER WANT TO KNOW YOU BETTER!



IT WILL NOT TAKE YOU LONG TO KNOW THE REAL JUAN LOPEZ, SENOR!

REACH! THIS IS A HOLDUP!



JUMP! CATCH! OUTLAWS!

IS, SENOR! AND WHEN THEY LEAVE YOU AND I SHALL JOIN THEM!



WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN IF WE DON'T WATCH OUT, THEY'LL PLUS US! SURE YOUR HANDS!

IT IS NOT NECESSARY! COME WITH ME!



W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN IF WE DON'T WATCH OUT, THEY'LL PLUS US! SURE YOUR HANDS!

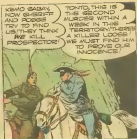
BUT OF COURSE, SENOR! THESE HONORERS ARE MY FRIENDS! THEY ROB THE OTHERS, BUT I SHALL TAKE YOU ALONG SO THAT YOU CAN GIVE ME THE GOLD YOU HAVE HIDDEN IN YOUR CABIN!











GRACIAS! I AM SENOR LOPEZ AND I WOULD BE MOST CONTENT TO EAT ANYTHING THE BEAUTIFUL SENORITA HAS PREPARED, SENOR DASH!

HOLD ON!--- ELLEN DIDN'T MENTION MY NAME! HOW COME YOU KNOW IT?



CARAMELO! I HAVE MADE THE CLIP OF THE TONGUE BEFORE I COULD EVEN ENJOY THE FOOD ON THE TABLE! BUT NO MATTER! I SHALL BUY A GOOD MEAL WITH SOME OF THE CASH YOU GIVE ME!

HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?



DO NOT GET EXCITED, SENOR! I HAVE COME FOR THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU SEND BACK FROM SAN ANTONIO! MY MAN THERE RODE ALL NIGHT TO TELL ME OF YOUR SPLENDID SALE! GIVE THE MONEY TO ME AND I WILL LEAVE PEACEFULLY!

HE'S JOKING!



SENORITA, I DO MEAN WHAT I SAY!

THE HONORABLE LOCO!---GET YOUR HANDS UP, LOPEZ! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU TO THE SHERIFF!



DO NOT ACT HASTY, SENOR! DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE WINDOWS AND THE DOOR---

---WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED!



DROP THOSE GUNS, BOTH OF YOU!

BY THE NERVE, YOU AREN'T SCARED, MR. DASH!







LATER, AT JUAN LOPEZ' HIDE-OUT.

SENOR JACK,
WHY DO YOU
RIDE HERE
FROM TOWN
IN SO MUCH
HASTE?

JUAN, A GIRL CAME
TO TOWN AND
TALKED TO THE
SHERIFF—SHE TOLD
HIM YOU BOBBED
THE GABBY RANCH!
THEY'RE COMIN' AFTER
YOU!



THEY WILL NOT
FIND THE HIDE-OUT,
AMIGO! WE HAVE
COVERED OUR
TRACKS TOO WELL.
BY RIDING A GOOD
DISTANCE THROUGH
A STREAM!

SHE ALSO
MENTIONED
MEETIN' A
MASKED MAN
AND AN INDIAN,
WHO SAID
THEY WERE
TRACKIN'
JUAN LOPEZ!



CARAMBA! THEY ARE THE SAME TWO
HOMERS WHO MADE ME LOSE THE
HIDE-OUT LAST WEEK! THEY HAVE
SHARP EYES—THEY WILL
FIND THE TRAIL, BUT WE
WILL BE PREPARED FOR
THEM! MOUNT YOUR HORSES!

WHERE
ARE WE
HEARD, JUAN?



THERE IS A LARGE BOULDER
ON EACH SIDE OF THE TRAIL UP
AHEAD! WE SHALL DIVIDE INTO
THREES, A GROUP BEHIND EACH
BOULDER! WHEN THE TWO
HOMERS COME SNOPPING
DOWN THE TRAIL—POOR! WE
SHOOT THEM DOWN WITHOUT
WARNING!



SOON...

WE LOST TIME AT
THE STREAM, TONTO,
BUT WE'VE PICKED
UP THE GUN'S
TRAIL AGAIN!

IT EASY FOLLOW
LMA NOW! THEY
RIDE ON PATH,
KERO SAGAY!



MEETIN'!

SENOR SILVER—TONTO,
SILVERS WARNING US
BE ON YOUR GUARD!



HE SEE TWO
BOLDSIES
AHEAD--THAT
ALL INDEED
SAND WAIT
BEHND-LWA!

IT MIGHT BE, TONTO!
IF LOPEZ IS WAITING
THESE IN A MUSH,
I HAVE A PLAN THAT
MAY HELP US TAKE
THEM BY SURPRISE!



MEANWHILE...

LISTEN!
HORSES!

WHEN THE RIDERS
COME AROUND THE
BEND--ALL RISE
TO KILL!



WHERE THEY COME--GARAMBA!
THOSE ARE THEIR HORSES, BUT
THE SADDLES, THEY ARE EMPTY!

I-I DON'T GET IT?
WHERE ARE THE
RIDERS?



REACH--
ALL OF YOU!

LOOK!



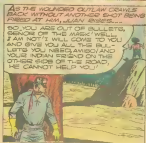
GET HANDS
UP PLENTY
FAST!

JUAN, THE
RED SKIN'S
GOT THE
DROP ON US,
TOO!

DON'T GIVE UP
FIGHT!
THEM!







AN ERROR, YOU DO NOT MOVE! YOU THINK I DO NOT KNOW YOU ARE BEHIND THAT COTTONWOOD!—WAIT, I COME AND SHOW YOU I KNOW WHERE YOU HIDE, AMISO!



BUT AS THE SMILING CABALLERO APPROACHES, INSTANTLY—SUDDENLY—

CARAMBA! A POSSE!

END!
AND!



THE NAKED MAN IN THE INDIAN BLAZED A TRAIL FOR US FROM THE DAREY RANCH! HERE'S THE LOPEZ GANG, MEN! IF THEY DON'T SURRENDER POINTO—GUN 'EM DOWN!



HOW TO RELOAD MY GUNS AND HELP ROUND UP THE OUTLAWS!

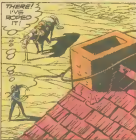
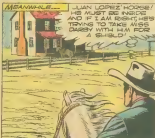
BLAM!
BLAM!



BUT AS THE LONG GUNNER FINISHES LOADING HIS SIX-GUNS, SUDDENLY—

JUAN LOPEZ IS RIDING OFF!—COME ON, SILVER! HE MUSTN'T ESCAPE!







The LONE RANGER

Shadow Of Death

AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO COME THE SOUTH-WESTERN HILLS FOR THE APACHE WHO HAVE JUMPED THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH CHIEF BIG HAWK, SILENTLY...

KEWO SARAN, THESE APACHE NOW!

THEY'RE RIDING TO-
WARD FORT STOCK-
TON BY A BACK
TRAIL, TONTO! THAT
CAN MEAN ONLY ONE
THING--THEY PLAN A
SURPRISE ATTACK!



WE KNOW SHORT
WAY TO FORT BY
TRAIL, OVER
HILLS!

WE'LL USE IT, TONTO!
FORT STOCKTON MUST
BE ALERTED IN
TIME!-- COME
ON, SILVER!

SOON...

THERE'S THE
FORT, TONTO! I'LL
WAIT HERE! WE
CAN'T WASTE
TIME EXPLAINING
MY MARK!

LOU!--
GET-UM UP,
SCOUT!



LOOK! A
REDSKIN!

MAYBE HE'S ONE OF
BIG HAWK'S APACHES!
I'LL ASK QUESTIONS
LATER!

THEY'RE RIDING AT
TONTO!-- COME ON,
SILVER!





AS THE MEDICINE MAN DANCED IN FRONT OF THE STRANGER BOYS WOMAN

IF THE DANCE LASTS MUCH LONGER THE BOY MAY DIE BEFORE WE EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE HIM!

I KNOW, DOCTOR, BUT WE CANNOT TRY TO HELP HIM—UNTIL TUGA FINISHES!



LATER...

TUGA STOP! WE SAY NOAH MEDICINE NOT WORK WITH RELEASES IN VILLAGE/LITTLE DEER GROW WORSE—TALK NONSENSE!

THE BOY MUST BE DELICIOUS! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!



EVIL SPIRITS DEMAND SACRIFICE EVERY HAZARD MAN AND RELEASE MEDICINE MAN AT STAKE!

WAIT, BRIGHT FEATHER YOU SAVE YOUR WORD WE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO LEE OUR MEDICINE!



DO NOT LISTEN! THEY MUST BE SACRIFICED—

—THE WORD OF CHIEF BRIGHT FEATHER WAS GIVEN—BUT IF MY SON IS NOT FREED FROM HIS SICKNESS, THEN THEY WILL DIE!



THE BOY IS BURNING WITH FEVER! TAKE HIS ARM FROM UNDER THE BLANKET! I'LL INOCULATE HIM AT ONCE!

YES, DOCTOR!



AS THE DOCTOR INOCULATED THE SMALL INDIAN BOY...

OWW!

MY SON CRIES! THEY HURT HIM!



WE HAVE GIVEN
LITTLE DEER
SOME WHITE MAN'S
MEDICINE! WE HOPE
IT WILL MAKE
HIM WELL!

NO! LEE! LITTLE
DEER COULD
OUT IN DRINK!
THE SHADOW
OF DEATH IS
ON HIM!



WE MUST HAVE
TIME, DEER!...
WAIT, YOU
WILL SEE!

DO NOT WAIT!
THEY HAVE
BETRAYED YOU!



TUGA SPEAK
TRUTH! MY
SON GRAY...
TAKE
THEM!

DOCTOR, IS THERE
ANY HOPE FOR
THE BOY?

IF THERE'S A CHANCE
FOR THE BETTER, IT
SHOULD TAKE PLACE IN
ABOUT TWO HOURS!



THE PALM TREES
TO STAKE! THEY
WILL BE
SACRIFICED
TO SAVE THE
REST OF OUR
TRIBE!

WAIT, GREAT FEATHER!
WAIT ONLY UNTIL SUN
DOWN! THEN GO TO
YOUR SON! IF YOU KILL
US NOW, MANY MORE
OF YOUR PEOPLE
MAY NEEDLESSLY DIE!

DO NOT
LISTEN!
LET TUGA
RIP OFF
MASK AND
THEN LIGHT
FIRE!

NO TUGA! IT'S NOT
LONG TO SUNDOWN!
IF LITTLE DEER IS
NOT FREE OF SICK-
NESS WHEN SUN
SET-- THEY BURN
AT STAKE!





RESPONDING TO HIS MASTER'S WHISTLE, SILVER WHINNY TUGS ON HIS TETHER...



THEN, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION BEGINS TO CHURN THE ROPS LINE...



WHY GET LITTLE DEER? NOT AS BETTER NOW YOU DIE!

I-I SUPPOSE SILVER IS TIED...WE HAVEN'T ANY CHANCE NOW!



FIRST, LET'S TAKE OFF THAT MARK! THEN WE LIGHT THE FAGOTS!







SOMEONE FIRED AND
HIT TUSA'S GUN!



YOU NOT
SHOOT!

TONTO!



CUT-UM FIRES TONTO
COVER OTHERS!



WE'RE
MEDICAL
COUNSELORS,
WE AREN'T
ARMED...

...JUST CUT ME FREE!
I'LL GET MY GUNS AND
HELP TONTO COVER
THE INDIANS WHILE
YOU AND THE DOCTOR
ESCAPE!



THERE IS ONLY ONE OF THEM
WHO IS ARMED! WE ARE MANY!
TUSA COMMANDS
YOU SHOOT HIM!



SOON...

TUGA'S HEADING UP THAT HILL TOWARD THE SNAKE CAMP MUST BE ON THE HILLTOP!

TROOPERS IN NEXT VALLEY NOW COLONEL AT POST TELL TONTO WHERE TROOPERS SEARCH WHEN TONTO GET SERUM!

I'LL FOLLOW TUGA AND TRY TO DETERMINE THE BEST APPROACH TO THE CAMP! BRING THE TROOPERS BACK, TONTO!



GET - UH - UP SCOUT!

MOMENTS LATER...

THERE'S NO COVER UP HERE I'D BETTER TURN BACK... TOO LATE! TUGA HAS SEEN ME!

COME ON, SILVER! MUST STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHES THE OTHERS! LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!



HOW TO SILENCE HIM QUICKLY!

BIG HAWK! --HELP!





UNDER THE WITHERING VOLLEY OF FLAMING FIRE, THE SURPRISED APACHE CALL FROM THEIR SADDLES...



HORSES for ORANI



Men's laughter, and the sound of horses' hoofs brought Wind Maiden out of her summer hogan—light-footed as if she walked on air. From the other brush shelter, some yards away, Orani's mother appeared, shading her old eyes with her hand. Alil Orani, whose name meant Young Lightning, was coming, with Wind Maiden's father and brothers. They were dragging a freshly killed buffalo with ropes tied to their horses.

"More work for you, my girl!" Yashui, her father, called out. "You'll have to dress this meat alone! We are taking Orani's mother with us across the river, where the other buffalo have gone!"

They loosed their ropes from the carcass, helped the old lady onto a horse, and galloped off. All but Orani! He pretended to pick a thorn out of his pony's foot, until the others were out of sight. Then he came quickly to Wind Maiden, and took her hands.

"One day, you will not have to keep house for four men," he said. "When I am able to give your father, Yashui, six horses, I will take you away—to a snug little house of our own . . ."

"—unless my father, Yashui, chooses another man for me!" Wind Maiden smiled, teasingly. "You have only TWO horses now, Orani!"

He dropped her hands, and turned to his pony. Seeing that she had hurt him, Wind

Maiden said softly:

"But there is still time, Orani! And there is no other man!"

He threw her a smile, as he leaped onto his horse with a flashing ease that explained his name, Young Lightning. Then he was gone! Beyond the trees his pony's hoofbeats echoed briefly.

Wind Maiden returned to her lonely, hard work of cutting up the buffalo.

With her people, the Navajos, all food was too precious to waste. Everything usable in any meat-animal was used. Even the entrails, carefully cleaned, were saved to make "sausage casings" for pemmican.

When sunset cast its red light over river and prairie, Wind Maiden had just finished washing the usable "casings" at the river's edge. She tied them to the root of a bush, and rose to her feet—only to be seized in a powerful grip!

Twisting her head, she looked up into the leering face of a Paiute warrior.

"Do not scream, little rabbit!" he chuckled.

"Your menfolk are all across the river. They will not return until tomorrow—and then we will be waiting for them."

Five more Paiutes approached, leading their horses. Wind Maiden was released, ordered to prepare food for her captors. She was not harmed or insulted, but she was carefully watched. From their talk, she gathered

that, after ambushing her own people, the Paiutes meant to take her home to become the wife of one of them.

A Paiute squaw! Never, if she could help it, Wind Maiden determined!

That night, a single sentry kept watch over the river—to make sure that no one would cross unnoticed from the other side. The others slept. Wind Maiden's wrists were tied by a long thong to the wrist of the man who had caught her. Any attempt to escape would wake him . . . or so he believed!

He had forgotten that his war club lay within reach of Wind Maiden's feet. Carefully the Navajo girl pulled it within her reach. Her bound hands grasped it. With a dull thud she brought it down on the warrior's head.

Moments later she was crawling silently to the bushes, with the Paiute's knife in her hand. None of the others had waked.

An hour more had passed, when the sentry heard a commotion among his companions: grunts and groans, and a shout of alarm. The Navajo girl had escaped.

The sentry came in for a hurried conference. Then, a splash drew every Paiute's attention to the river. There, quite visible above the moonlit water rose the slender form of Wind Maiden. Her skirt billowed out, partly floating, as she tried to hold it down with her hands.

As one man, the six Paiutes made a dash for her. But ten feet out from the water's edge



they stopped, knee deep, splashing and struggling. And every attempt to pull their feet out of the sucking quicksand let them sink deeper. Their grunts of dismay turned to panicked shouting. They quite forgot the Navajo girl, until—

As smoothly as a swimming duck, she glided ashore—GUIDED, not waded! And there she rose to her feet, picking up something like a circular tube—the buffalo "casings" inflated and stiffened with a tough willow hoop. Sitting on it, cross-legged, she could glide over water four inches deep!

Yells of baffled anger followed her, as she moved to the tethered Paiute horses, and roped them together, in a long "string." They were sure that she meant to leave them to die—sucked under, inch by inch, until the sand and water covered them!

But they fell silent, wondering, as they saw her return, with a rope in her hand!

One end of the rope Wind Maiden made fast to a tree at the river's edge. The other end she tossed to the nearest Paiute.

"You can pull yourselves out, one by one," she told them, with laughter in her voice. "But your horses are mine, and I will take them now to my people across the river. Six good horses, for Orion?"

And again, as she rode away, her laugh drifted back to them, light and soft, like the laughter of the wind.

YOUNG HAWK



YOU BROUGHT THESE, YOUNG HAWK?—
AFTER BEAR KILLER AND THE OTHERS OF
MY PEOPLE CHASED YOU OUT OF CAMP?
THESE PIECES OF PURE COPPER
ARE WEALTH—

YOUR PEOPLE THOUGHT WE HAD
BROUGHT THEM BAD LUCK—
AND WE BROUGHT THE COPPER
BACK TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS.
CHIEF BLACKFISH?

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE SEA PEOPLE AND THEIR
CHIEF, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK RETURN TO
THEIR EARTHLY FRIENDS

— BUT IF YOU THINK THOSE LITTLE PIECES
ARE VALUABLE, YOU SHOULD SEE THE GREAT
CRUMB OF RED METAL THAT LIES WHERE
WE FOUND THE SMALL ONES!
IT WOULD NEED TEN MEN TO
CARRY IT! LITTLE BUCK
AND I WILL LEAD YOU
THERE



YOUNG HAWK WAS NOT DREAMING
WHEN HE SAW THIS! NEVER HAVE
THE SEA PEOPLE HEARD OF SUCH
AMASS OF RED METAL! IT WOULD
MAKE THEM THE WEALTHIEST
OF ALL THE COASTAL TRIBES!



I WILL SHOW
IT TO YOU,
O CHIEF!

BEAR KILLER! RAVEN! TELL
MY WARRIORS WE MARCH
NORTH AT ONCE!

YES! THEY WILL
RUN WHEN THEY
HEAR THE HORN,
O CHIEF!



AND SO THE LINE OF RECENTLY DISCOURAGED
WHALE HUNTERS HARKED BACK UP THE PINKED
COAST—THE LOSS OF THEIR CANOES FORGOTTEN
IN THE PROSPECT OF SUREER RICHES.





AFTER FINISHING THE WHOLE OF THE BEAR MEAT



--- THE TWO PARTIES SEPARATE --- YOUNG HARK'S PARTY TO HEAD NORTH



--- AND THE OTHERS SOUTHWARD, WITH THEIR PRECIOUS CHUNK OF RED COPPER



PICKING THE FASTEST GOING, YOUNG HARK AVOIDS THE BUGGED COASTLINE FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS



ONCE YOUNG HARK SHOT A BUCK AT DAYBREAK --- FOOD ENOUGH FOR HIS FAST-MOVING BAND OF WARRIORS



FIVE DAYS AND A HUNDRED MILES FROM THE START ---

LOOK, RAVEN --- OFF THERE IN THE LEE OF THAT POINT OF LAND ---

DANCES --- FOURTEEN OF THEM, YOUNG HARK SHELTERING IN A LEE REACH UNTIL THE NORTH WIND CHANGES

WE HAVE FOUND THE WAKIASH.
SURRENDER! EIGHT OF THE
CANOES ARE THE ONLY
THEY STOLE FROM US!



GOOD! WE CAN STEAL THREE
CANOES TONIGHT---AND HEAD
SOUTH WITH THE WIND! IS THAT
YOUR THOUGHT, TOO, BAWEN?

NO, BEAR KILLER! "THREE" ARE
TOO MANY FOR OUR SMALL
NUMBERS! THE WAKIASH
WOULD FILL THE OTHER
CANOES WITH PADDLERS
AND OVERTAKE
US!



WHAT IS YOUR WORD, YOUNG
HAWK? PERHAPS WITH YOUR
LUCK, WE MIGHT EVEN STEAL
FOUR CANOES!

WE'LL SEE WHEN
"WE GET THERE,"
BEAR KILLER!



THROUGHOUT THE DAY, THE FURY OF THE NORTH
WIND INCREASES, WHIPPING THE WAVES TO FOAM,
BENDING THE TALL PINE ON THE RIDGE ABOVE
THE BEACHED CANOES.

SOME HOURS BEFORE DARKNESS FALLS

WE ARE HERE---ON THE RIDGE
ABOVE THE BEACH, YOUNG
HAWK! WHAT ARE YOUR
PLANS?

LITTLE BUCK AND
I WILL DOUBT THE
WAKIASH ENCAMP-
MENT! BUT FIRST---



TAKE YOUR HATCHETS AND CUT DOWN TREES—ONE PIN TREE FOR EACH MAN OF OUR PARTY! AND LET EACH TREE BE TWICE THE HEIGHT OF A MAN, WITH THICK, BUSHY BRANCHES!



AG-AH! THAT IS A STRANGE WAY TO MAKE WAR-MEDDING!

—STRANGE ORDERS! BUT WE'LL OBEY THEM, HAVEN'T WE?

YOUNG HAWK HAS A WISE HEAD, AS WELL AS STRONG "MOOSE" TO BRING HIM SUCCESS! WE'LL CUT HIS TREES!



NO BARKING, TUMBLEWEEDS! WE'RE STALKING OUR ENEMY!

IT HADN'T HE LEARN-ING TO BE A WARRIOR'S OOH, YOUNG HAWK!



GRADUALLY THE TWO NADIAN YOUNGS MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN TOWARD THE CANOE.

THERE THEY ARE! CHIEF BLACKFISH'S CANOE IS NEAREST US!



HURRY! THE WARRIOR CAMP IS CLOSE BY! I SMELL SMOKE!



MANY SMOKE!

— AND MANY WARRIORS, LITTLE BUCK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY DISCOVER IT!

THEIR CAMP IS ALMOST
OUT OF SIGHT FROM THE
CAVES---AND THAT
WILL HELP US, WHEN
DANGER COMES

AND THE STRONG
WINDS WILL CARRY
OFF ANY NOISE
WE MAKE

AS TWILIGHT STEALS OVER LAND AND SEA

ALL THE TREES ARE CUT,
YOUNG HAWK! WHAT SHALL
WE DO WITH THEM?

LET EVERY WARRIOR
PICK ONE UP---AND
FOLLOW ME TO THE
CAVES!







FIRST, UNTIL THE WOODS ARE
DENSE? WE'LL NEED THE
ROPE—



— TO FIX A TREE
IN THE BOW OF
EVERY CANOE.

— EVERY
CANOE.



I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING
TO TAKE ONLY TWO OR THREE
OF THE CANOES, YOUNG HAWK!
WHAT IS YOUR IDEA?



WE SHALL LEAVE NOT A SINGLE
CANOE FOR THE WARRIORS! THOSE
WE CANNOT USE, WE SHALL SET
ADRIFT! AND THE WIND BLOWING
AGAINST THE TREE IN EACH CANOE'S
BOW WILL DRIVE IT OUT TO SEA!

WASHT NO ONE
BUT YOU
WOULD THINK
OF THAT,
YOUNG HAWK!



GOES THERE
SOON ONE
OF THEM?

WITH ALL FOURTEEN OF YOUNG HAWK'S
PARTY UNITING THEIR STRENGTH, SHORT
WORK IT MADE OF DRAGGING THE HEAVY
CANOE DOWN TO THE WATER.

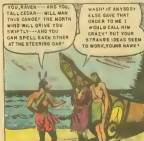


THAT MAKES SEVEN WE'VE
SET ADRIFT! THE REMAINING
SEVEN WILL BE WANNED
BY US!

WHAT? HOW CAN
FOURTEEN MEN
PADDLE SEVEN
BIG, TEN-MAN
CANOES, YOUNG
HAWK?



THE STRONG WIND—
BLOWING AGAINST THE TREE-
SAIL, WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF
MANY PADDLERS, LITTLE BOYS
TWO STEERSMEN WILL BE
ENOUGH TO BRING IT HOME!





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SURE HOPE SO. I'VE BEEN PRACTICING AND TRAINING HARD FOR THIS ONE. INCLUDING LOTS OF WHEATIES.

A BLINDING SNOW IS FALLING AS GRETCHEN STARTS HER RUN.



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CONGRATULATIONS, GRETCHEN! SAY I THOUGHT YOU WERE KIDDING ABOUT EATING WHEATIES.

NOT A BIT! I NEED LOTS OF ENERGY... AND THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

